

—THE INNIS HERALD—



INSIDE:

John Lennon's Latest Album



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I dreamt I was being followed by a hairy Spanish irregular verb.
-Woody Allen

Rectum?

Damn Near Killed Him!

Because I am quite an authority on all matters -- academic, social etc. -- people often approach me for advice. They say, "Jen, you must help me!" and I say "sure, what's up your bum?" Now, essentially the phrase 'what's up your bum?' means 'what's on your mind?' and I would be quite happy indeed if the phrase could be adopted worldwide. ¿Qué está levantado en su recto?

Let me tell you what, at the precise moment, is up my bum: Foremost, I wonder why New College residents tape signs to their windows that say "legalize steroids" and "who framed Ben the Bullet?" then I wonder if I know any of these people and if so, do I like them? Probably not, since I'm a misanthrope, and also because I have a huge theory about who I like and why I like them. This theory has been on my mind (and thus up my bum) for some time now. It may be universally applied, and I shall impart it to you presently.

You can only really get along with someone if they share your sense of humour. This does not mean that you must be funny or that they must be funny. However, when the two

of you go to a movie you should always laugh at the same things. Now, due to my misanthropic tendencies I only go to movies with people I like, and thus people who, if my theory holds water, share my sense of humour. This is why, to use *Ishtar* as an example, my companion and I both found it quite humorous when Warren Beatty, having awoken in the middle of the desert, looks up to the sky and exclaims, "gee, looks like it's going to be a scorcher".

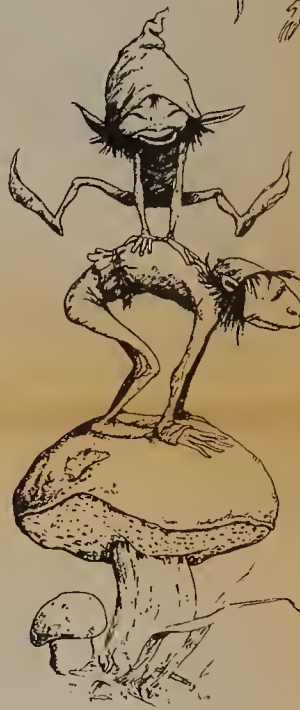
Reader, please stop trying to recall whether you laughed at this scene and worrying over whether we like each other. I must just explain further.

Let us suppose that all sorts of people comprise the audience of a film and that within this audience, whether you know them or not, there exists people you would get along with and people you would despise. Now, allow me to suggest that the entire movie-going audience exists on a sort of continuum, with people you would hate at one end and people you would quite like at the other. The movie itself also

exists on this same continuum with the things that are meant to be funny but that you don't find humour in at the same end as the people you'd hate, while that which would lead you to laugh uproariously lies at the opposite end, with the people you would like. Understand please that there is necessarily some overlap betwixt the two poles and thus there will always be instances where both you and the person you abhor will laugh at the same things.

It may seem improbable to you that anything which rests so comfortably up my bum (as I assure you this theory does) could be in the least verifiable. I only ask you please, to test it for yourself. Being an authority on the matter I can give you my word that when you next see a movie, if the person in front of you laughs at the same things as you do, you could approach this person after the film, explain to them this theory over a coffee, and get along with them exceptionally well.

That is all. To find out what's been up my Mother's bum, read on...



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THE INNIS HERALD

October, 1988, Volume 23 Issue 2

No news whatsoever

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LETTERS

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody.

Dear Editor,

I must admit to having been shocked by the lengthy diatribe against Mr. Bono Vox and the rest of U2. I have been following this band's progress since they played weddings, funerals, and tupperware parties in the late seventies and must take exception to the opinions of one Mr. Blitz, a self-styled rock 'n' roll critic who writes as if he invented the genre.

It is not easy being Bono. Not only is he the lead singer of a "world-class" band, but he is also mayor of Palm Springs; an arduous job that involves talking to a lot of rich people. Also his marriage to Cher in the sixties must surely have taken it out of him. Unlike Mr. Gerald Garcia or Mr. David Crosby, he did not succumb to the excesses of this turbulent decade. (That is to say, he did not put on sixteen thousand pounds) Rather, he removed himself from the West Coast scene altogether and fled to Dublin. There after a lengthy period in a Jesuit monastery, he met Mr. The Edge over a pint of Guinness, and U2 was born.

The Ramones may sing "I'm Not Jesus", but it is obvious that this is not so easy for Bono. Maybe he is. If so, the title of Mr. Blitz's current bitter assault has a bitter irony. There are rumours that Bono is not Bono at all, but is in fact Neil Young. Mr. Young, it is rumoured is suffering from acute schizophrenia and when not locking himself in his room, watching television, starving himself into anorexia, and dragging Yoko Ono around by the hair, he is prancing about the Dublin streets telling everyone to get off heroin. I do not wish to comment on such rumours but I will admit that their hair is roughly the same length, and the two have never been photographed together. (Neither have Bill Gardner and Bob Weir!)

Life as a rock star was never easy. Paul Anka and Fabian suffered, as well as Frankie Avalon. Avalon's girlfriend believed herself to be a mouse for many years. Jack Klugman's career as a rock star was brutally short. After writing and producing the first Trooper album, he went into retirement, leaving the music business to stronger types such as Bruce Willis, Don Johnson and Carl Lewis.

I seem to have left my topic. I just want to add that Mr. Blitz's defense of such ghoulish bands as The Misfits, Johnny Thunders, the Sex Pistols, and Country Joe and the Fish are wholly unjustifiable. He says they "actually care" and make music that "grabs you". Well, I have certainly never seen any sign of Mr. Thunders caring about anything except where his next free drink (among other things) is coming from. I had him over for Thanksgiving this very year and when he wasn't singing Bob Dylan songs, and doing bad imitations of David Johanness doing bad imitations of Eric Burdon doing bad imitations of Mr. Mick Jagger, he was swilling my bottle of Absolute Vodka and raving on about how he should have covered "Walking On Sunshine" when he had the chance. As for the Stooges, I do not remember them performing any music of worth in their tasteless films.

Lastly, I would like to thank Mr. Bono Vox for suggesting I write this defense of him. I'd also like to plug the lead singer of INXS, Mick

Hutchence, who does the best Mick Jagger imitation I have ever seen, and whose band plays as vacuous music as any on the world stage. Even Mr. Bono could learn a thing or two from this rivetting and highly provocative clone. I too have an album in the works, and should my career fail, it will be out next spring. A tour will follow.

My manager tells me that we will probably be opening for the Moody Blues or Kim Mitchell at the Kingswood next summer.

Rock on,

John (Mick)Turner M.P

Dear Editor,

Why is it that whenever I walk into the Innis Pub the Grateful Dead are playing?

Name

Dear N.W

Due to circumstances beyond the pub management's control, there is currently a temporal vortex operating in the Innis Pub.

It is my duty as arts editor to inform the letter writer that playing the Grateful Dead at Innis Pub is the only way to get Def Leppard played on campus. It is a little known fact that the members of Def Leppard, as well as Mötley Crüe and at least the keyboard player for Ban Jovi play together as the Grateful Dead when not tied up with personal projects. This is not to be confused with other rumours such as David Coverdale being Ornette Coleman. (He is.) Should Def Leppard as well as Mötley Crüe admit to this twenty-five year charade, then it is my understanding that Deadheads will disband and follow another band (I understand Glass Tiger is waiting in the wings). However, this promise carries with it a proviso, that SAC President Bill Gardner stop messing around, admit that he is, in fact, Bob Weir, and start getting us some serious tickets for the New Year's and Kaiser shows. Arts Ed. from the vortex.

Dear Editor,

Some doorknob (perhaps more than one, although I hope not) has joined our cozy community at Innis. If you haven't noticed, there's a fair bit of bad ass evil vandalism happening within the college, particularly the basement washroom. This is vile shit, and its gotta stop.

I hope the perpetrator is reading this and has half a mind (ed. I hope the perpetrator has a degree in Italian, cause English this 'aint'). Please allow me to point out a couple of things you might not have considered, asshole.

A) Innis is not wealthy. The money to pay for repairs comes from somewhere. Maybe the course you take in second term won't have a T.A., or maybe we won't get as much material for the reading room. This will affect everyone here, jerk....

B) If you're so full of energy and aggression, why don't you consider playing rugby or football? Then you'd get lots of opportunities to bump into things. I suspect that a worm-sweat like you doesn't enjoy the thought of a reaction from the things you hit, though, so I suppose this is a wasted suggestion....

C) If you're really attracted to wall-bashing, there are lots of jobs in the demolition field. Not only could you savour the crunch of helpless drywall under your booties, but you'd receive the added bonus of a paycheck.

I don't hold much hope of this diatribe penetrating the cement between your ears, so ponder this,

bimbo: I'm not afraid to take responsibility for my actions -- I'll admit here and now that if I catch you being a fuckhead around here, I'll assist in cleaning and repairing the mess with the cooperation of your soon to be embedded in plaster body.

Chris Thiesenhausen

Dear Editor,

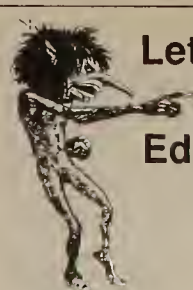
Yesterday I was sitting around with a couple of friends (well, one actually) in a sleazy nowhere dive (okay, it was Birdy's Pub in the Park Plaza Hotel but we were pretending it was a dive), and we got to wondering how come it's been so long since John Lennon put out an album. I mean, we all know he's the reticent, aloof, intellectual Beale, plus he's shackled up with that ball-busting Oriental babe who always insists on singing with him, but still, it's been long enough. We were inspired to ponder the subject by the huge amount of stuff (movies, books, posters, buttons, toasters, widgets) that have borne his name or likeness in recent months (weeks, I mean), when a gentleman, also in the pub, turned to us, called us idiots, and told us that Lennon was dead. How could we have had such an egregious lapse of memory? Please enlighten us. And by the way, what's going on with The Doors?

Yours,

Mack Grayteke

Dear Mack

Thanks for writing, thanks very much for writing.



Letters from the Editor's Mother

Jenny,

Why does there have to be cellophane on the flowers that are presented with the medals at the Olympics? That is the burning question now, in the aftermath of the Olympics -- not Ben Johnson, not sabotage, not even whether it's wise to invest so much time, energy and money in this competition --but cellophane -- why cellophane?

yours in perplexity,

Judy

Dear Mom,

It's always very nice to hear from home. Sometimes I get homesick and wish I was living back at home like in the good old days. Alas, being an editor has its sacrifices and caffeine has its rewards. I will take time out from pasting-up to answer your most interesting letter.

There is no effective pollution control in Seoul, South Korea. In fact, for the Olympics only, industry was told to cool it so that athletes would not collapse and choke to death on the fumes. This was in line with the entire Olympic process that, as we were told, went off without a hitch, save for the incompetent boxing referees and a relatively minor incident involving an obscure Canadian runner. At least none of the events were blown up by filthy Communist terrorists and the fine, upstanding government of South Korea got lots of investment and free publicity, as well as recognition as a "world-class" city. I believe fellowship and sportsmanship also played a part in this year's games as well, but I missed the television coverage that night.

Anyway, the cellophane is there to prevent the flowers from collapsing while the national anthem is being played.

Your loving daughter,
Jenny

NEWS

Senior Justice To Chair Sexual Harassment Appeals Board

Mr. Justice Arthur Martin, a Senior Fellow-In-Residence at the Faculty of Law, has agreed to chair the University of Toronto's Sexual Harassment Appeals Board.

The Appeals Board is the final step in the University's sexual harassment process that is open to student's, faculty and staff. The policy allows a formal complaint to be made through the full-time Sexual Harassment Officer within four months of an incident occurring or in special circumstances within six months.

The U of T's sexual harassment policy and procedures were approved in March by the Governing Council along with the full-time appointment of Nancy Adamson as Sexual Harassment Officer. Prior to then the University had no formal, systematic way of dealing with sexual harassment complaints.

Now there are three stages for following a complaint after it has been formally filed. First, individual counselling is attempted with both parties through the Sexual Harassment Officer. If that fails a mediator is appointed to attempt to work out the complaint.

The last step involves the Sexual Harassment Hearing Board composed of representatives of undergraduate and graduate students, staff and faculty. From a pool of thirty representatives five are chosen to hear each case. The Board members rule on the legitimacy of the complaint and can impose suitable penalties.

The decision of the Hearing Board may be challenged at the Appeals Board chaired by Mr. Justice Martin. The decision of the Appeals Board is final.

The Sexual Harassment Education Counselling and Complaint Office is located at 455 Spadina Avenue,

Room 302. The office is open Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and the Sexual Harassment Officer is available at other times by appointment. A complete copy of the Sexual Harassment Policy and Procedures and other information can be obtained from the office.

OSAP - Innis Up My Bum

Did you know that Innis processes bursary applications differently than other colleges at UoT and across Canada?

Did you know that this process can cost you unnecessary time loss, a humiliating interview, and quite possibly more money?

Most colleges and universities simply ask you to fill in a bursary application and return it by mail or otherwise. The process is civilized and anonymous (so to speak); conducted with expediency and respect for the individual.

Contrast this with Innis' process which requires you to identify yourself and explain your circumstances in person to the registrar at an interview (which some might call an interrogation and assault on one's integrity -- I certainly felt that way).

The Registrar then makes a recommendation to a select committee which sits every two

weeks. The committee then reviews your file and rules in your favour or otherwise.

Consider not just the time involved here and the 'cross examination', but also consider the fact that the committee is comprised of a large faction of students and that it is generally known that students tend to mark other students harder than professors do. Now take a guess at what you odds are when your bursary application comes before the committee.

I considered all this: the student factor, the time element, the humiliation of an interview, and how long it would take to change the system at Innis.

My solution to this? *Change colleges!* I did, and thereafter got approximately \$500 per semester for simply stating the truth on a bursary application and sending it to the financial aid office of my new college.

Don't Drink Drunk



Rick Campbell

I'm sitting here staring at a pile of paper entitled *The University of Toronto Alcohol Policy*. It explains why getting into the Innis Pub on Pub Nights is such a pain in the ass. It is a pain in the ass, isn't it? Having to show your I.D. when you're old enough to remember the introduction of Brador into Ontario (And the havoc that followed).

Here's the deal. It's not because those C.B.S. people are a bunch of power-tripping fascists. It's because the society that you live in has decided that we are all responsible for each other and that if we don't act responsibly then we are legally liable. If any under-age person is served at an Innis Pub then that's enough to end all pubs for the year, as well as every other pub on campus (one license, you see). That's why there are no bracelets this year to distinguish drinkers from non-drinkers. It's too easy for a drinker to cadge a pint for a punter. Not worth the risk, says C.B.S.

Everyone likes to blame the boys and girls in the green shirts for our brief moment of so-called inconvenience. Is it really so hard just to show your I.D.? Is it really fair to abuse these people when it's your duly elected representatives (I

assume you all duly elected them) that have passed these ridiculous laws in the first place?

There is only one problem with the new alcohol policy. (It basically states that servers, bartenders and ticket-sellers are responsible for your well-being and are there to provide the "duty of care", so that: A. You don't get so smashed you hurt yourself or someone else. B. You don't sue all of us when you do get smashed and hurt your self or someone else.) The problem is that eighteen year old Frosh cannot attend the dances. The solution to this problem does not lie with railing at C.B.S. or even the university. It lies with applying pressure to the institutions that allow eighteen year olds to vote, smoke and die for their country but won't allow them a cold beer. Political animals do what we pressure them to do. They act in accordance with our worries. Laws that prosecute purveyors of liquor do not solve the problem of alcohol abuse. They make it look like the government is taking steps to deal with the problem and that satisfies an electorate who are only too ready to accept superficial solutions (like Canada/U.S. Acid Rain Agreements).

This new policy will drive drinking back to residences and apartments where parties may not have the room to dance and will just drink themselves into a stupor and THEN hit the town! Hey! Great! Then of course the university will still be liable (if the drinking took place in a residence) or some other schmuck who comes into contact with this person who has taken it upon him or her self to get totalled and do the do on itself or society. In other words when do we stop baby-sitting? Let me

answer that question with a question. If Benji Hayward had been living at Jane and Finch, instead of middle-class North York, how much press would his tragic death have got? Get the picture now? When does a person cease to be responsible for his or her own actions? The minute he or she picks up a bottle of beer, says the government, that person then becomes our responsibility and a lawyer's meal ticket.

I do not wish to play down the seriousness of the situation that has provoked this tightening of the campus alcohol policy. There have been alcohol-related deaths on other campuses in Ontario. U. of T. is merely enforcing regulations that have always existed. The potential for an accident is always there and anyone who has worked a pub, either as a C.B.S. doorman or as a student bartender knows it. Now you all know it too.



ICSS Update

Martha MacEachern

So now the fun and excitement of orientation is over. Classes have begun, it's getting cold and rainy outside, and it's time to hit the books. Sigh...

But have no fear, the fun is just beginning at Innis. Now that we have a full and complete executive, following the elections of Rick Campbell as VP Services and Heather Marsh as Clubs Representative, we are more eager than ever to bring you such memorable parties as the "Best and Worst of the 70's," we are committed to solving the problems associated with the alcohol policy and ACCESS, and we even have new office hours! Soooo... if you have any problems, questions, or suggestions just drop into the ICSS office (rm 116) and we'll be glad to help.

Some of the upcoming events that you should keep in mind include the Mr. Blue Contest, Thursday Oct 13th (*Ed, probably already past*) the chariot race during Homecoming weekend Saturday Oct 15th (*also probably past*) a film marathon for the United Way in Innis Town Hall, Saturday Oct 22nd (*hopefully not past*) and of course the ever popular Halloween costume party, Saturday Oct 29th in the Innis pub.

For more information about these and other events, check the bulletin boards in the pit, drop by the ICSS office, or call 978-7366.

P.S. The next ICSS student affairs meeting is Monday Oct 17th at 4pm in the cold room. (?)

Beings Eat

Paul Della Penna

In what must now be considered a time-honoured and venerable Innis tradition, the third annual First Year/Alumni Dinner proved to be yet another glorious success with some 175 students, staff, and saintly alumni packing the Great Hall at Hart House for an evening of unabashed revelry and merriment. In a surprising departure from established custom, the traditional lasagna dinner was replaced by tortellini this year on the menu, perhaps a more accurate reflection of the refined and 'upscale' taste and sensibilities of the new first-year Innisites, heralding the maturation of the College at last. Dinner was punctuated by short introductory speeches welcoming the first year students by Principal John Browne, ICSS President Martha MacEachern, and ICAA President Sirje Jarvel. An assortment of delightful fruit pies followed.

As in previous years, seating was arranged so that students, staff, faculty and alumni would intermix, thus providing an excellent opportunity for the young and impressionable first years to become acquainted with all the various facets of College life. The dinner also allowed new students to sign up for Innis activities at information tables set up at the end of the Hall, and introduce themselves to members of the ICSS, The Herald, SCAT, The Film Society, and various sports teams. Special thanks go to Administrative Officer Audrey Perry and Orientation co-ordinator Vicky Zeltnis.

Frosh not Frozen

Milaha

From speaking with high school teachers, alumni, and others who appear to have some insight into modern university life, I gained the impression that it was something to be feared. Innis' Orientation week disproved all of the intimidating claims made by those who like to bitch because it makes them look good.

My first taste of the Innis College social atmosphere was the BBQ held right after registration. I thought, "OK, this is a pretty tight knit crowd. Apparently not typical for UofT. Good. Wear the right clothes and talk to the right people and maybe I'll make a friend or two." All unnecessary forethought. My first real impression was to be somewhat relieved and possibly even disappointed.

What I saw was good and bad. On the good side, there was an excellent selection of music, cheap booze, nice people and ok food (just kidding Alex, it was great). The only negative aspect of the evening was the total disillusionment I suffered upon meeting the individual in charge of everything. Holy Muffin, Batman!! (Sorry Martha - read on).

Next in the line of events was the farm. As I had to leave Saturday afternoon, I didn't experience the full effect of the Innisfree farm, but in the time I did spend, good old Harold on the wall saw enough to have us all disowned. This amounted to the best two weeks of my summer, and two weeks that I'm not soon to forget. Like most froshes, I met more people than I could remember the names of. Most

people, including myself, consumed more than enough controlled and semi-controlled substances to make up for our abstinent (joke, ha ha) summers. The people were of course fantastic and my disillusionment was eured: Martha turned out to be both a nice person and an excellent coordinator for the social activities.

The All Night Films were interesting. Ya, that about sums it up. Actually the mix of the bizarre, the old, and the hilarious was fabulous. I never did get to meet Lisa the She Wolf, but I'll survive. Not exactly a social, get to meet people, type of event, but it was nice to sit with recently acquired friends and gab about the weekend.

The last pub was sort of a summary of the week's events. It was obvious that new friends had been made and a feel for what Innis College means was apparent. For me, it meant that the transition from high school to university was complete, and I had found a place to spend my off hours. Thanks Innis.

P.S. Who the fuck were the DJs at that last pub?



Innis to Celebrate 25th Anniversary

Jim Shadden

The College will be twenty-five years old in 1989. We will begin a year-long birthday party on November 5th, 1988, the 94th anniversary of Harold Innis' birth.

As the display in the East Gallery makes clear, the College is trying to build up the endowment it started during its 20th anniversary to \$100 000. At the outset of the campaign, there is \$46 000. That means, obviously, that the College endeavours to earn \$54 000 over the next year.

Fundraising isn't everything, though. The following are some of the events that will take place during the 25th anniversary year. All Innis students (indeed, everyone) are invited to attend.

Scheduled Events for the 25th Anniversary Year

November 5, 1988

Harold Innis' Birthday Party & Opening of 25th Anniversary Year

8:00 pm Reception
9:00 pm Auction
10:00 pm Birthday Cake and Fireworks

Auctioneer: Gordon C. Cressy, Vice-Pres. Institutional Relations.

See details of items to be auctioned.

March 4, 1989

Dinner and Masquerade Ball: L'Hotel,

6:30 pm Reception
7:15 pm Dinner
9:00 pm Dancing

Honouring Alumni from 1969, 1979 and the graduating class, 1989.

Guest Speaker: Dr. William G. Saywell, former Principal, Innis College; President, Simon Fraser University, B.C.

April 20, 1989

Silver Plate Dinner: Faculty Club

6:30 pm Reception
7:15 pm Dinner

\$250 per plate
(Tax donation slip will be issued for \$200)

Guest Speaker: Mr. David Crombie

May 28 - June 4, 1989

International Experimental Film Festival

June 10, 1989

Innis Alumni Anniversary Party

6:00 pm Annual General Meeting
7:00 pm Balloon Fundraising Race & Pot Luck Dinner
9:00 pm Draw of Raffle Prizes
see details elsewhere in this paper
10:00 pm Dancing

November 4, 1989

Monte Carlo Night

7:30 pm Reception
8:00 pm Monte Carlo Events
10:00 pm Grand Finale

There will be other events scheduled -- watch upcoming *Heralds* for details!

The Burden of Critical Attention

Alex Russell

Unbeknownst to many of you, Toronto's Hispanic population enjoyed their annual fiesta this past weekend in the CNE Arts and Crafts Building. At first glance to my North American (non-Latin) eyes, the International Hispanic Festival was an organizational travesty. An inadequate sound system only served to highlight the almost non-existent lighting and chaotic stage managing.

I was performing (through a convoluted series of connections) with the Columbian contingent. From the moment we arrived back stage and the stage manager said, 'Oh, are you on next?', our efforts were underlined by a frightening degree of confusion and disorganization. It was evident that the other acts were dealing with the same 'problem'.

I qualify the term 'problem' because it occurred to me (at the risk of sticking my neck out) that disorganization and confusion are only problems from my culturally biased perspective. Chaos, in fact not only characterized the efforts of the performers but the audience as well. The first thing one noticed at the festival was the children, both because of their number and seemingly uncontrollable energy. Although the stage was located in the centre of the building, friends and family, and food and drink seemed as much a focus of the event as the actual show. At times the music was virtually drowned out by the audience. None of this seemed to constitute any kind of a problem for the celebrants. This was, I think, what a fiesta was all about.

While disorganized, the festival had a feeling of spontaneity that I found undeniably appealing. As a performer I have always had a bit of a problem with nerves. I get nervous playing even the simplest thing if there are enough people listening to make a mistake embarrassing (and of course this is a

kind of self-fulfilling neurosis: fear of fucking-up makes me nervous which makes me fuck-up). There were, at the least, five hundred people seated around the stage. I should have been nervous. The fact is though that the moment we started to play (most of the other groups were dancing to taped music so our live music was a refreshing change), the moment the first drum beat sounded, there was such a surge of un-critical enthusiasm from the crowd, complete with hand clapping and foot stomping, that I completely forgot to get nervous. Forgotten too, at least for the moment was the chaos which preceded our performance.

The crucial words here are Un-critical and Performance. I think my lack of nervousness can be attributed to the fact that I wasn't actually 'performing' in the sense that I (we) were playing and they (the audience) were listening. The audience was as much a part of the music as we were, not just because they were making noise too (the hand clapping, etc) but because there was a conspicuous absence of the kind of critical attention to the players which marks the dichotomy of performer and audience.

My musical up-bringing (I spent two years at the Faculty of Music), has embedded this dichotomy in my attitude towards music. The dynamic between audience and performer which carries with it the burden of critical attention finds its ultimate expression in the Western attitude toward 'classical music'. You sit quietly at Roy Thompson Hall, withholding your contribution (applause) until the orchestra has finished their playing. Above all, you do not clap between movements.

The distinction between performer and audience could not be more strongly delineated. The music making of one is something quite different from the music making of the other; or, the noise making of one is something quite different from the noise making of the other.

Or perhaps most succinctly, one is music making and the other is noise making.

This distinction leads to a stigma in North American audiences. They are the noise makers able to enjoy the music makers but not necessarily able to be one. So you get the argument over whether musicality is innate and a potential in everybody, or whether it's a gift to a special few. I don't think the second alternative would ever occur to most of the people I met at the Hispanic Festival. Here the distinction between audience and performer is not made (or if it is, it isn't made as strongly); there is no audience of noise makers, just one group of music makers.

In Toronto you are told to learn to play the instrument before you can play in front of people. This is because you have to play it properly. At the Faculty of music they shut you up in a sound proof (sound-proof) room until you get it 'just right'; every dot on the page in just the right place, at just the right volume, with just the right emotion. This can be a traumatic experience. It tends to raise the question above, with the added worry that the 'special few' doesn't include you. Is this worry, I think, that paves the way for a nervous performer.

Musicians in our Western culture are, as a result of the music maker/noise maker dichotomy, glorified to a certain extent. They are performers; a breed apart. You didn't find this at the Hispanic Festival. Musicians comfortably joined the crowd to enjoy the party - on stage and off.

It's not surprising then, that the scene on stage was chaotic. It was a part of a party that was itself fairly chaotic. A concerted effort towards organizing a show that would come off smooth and slick, would only have served to create a noticeable distinction between performers and audience.

It is perhaps unfair to make this a completely black and white



BY JOYE, BIG BEN'S RUNNING A BIT FAST TODAY!

distinction. Blitz was telling me the other day that the kind of non-critical spirit I found at the Hispanic festival is typical of delta blues and (by extension) blues in general. I suppose then that rock and roll, as a by-product of blues, incorporates at least a little of this attitude. Rock concerts, at any rate, are characterized by a fair bit of noise making. On the other hand, rock musicians are glorified to a great extent -- a sign post of the performer/audience distinction. Rock seems to be a true hybrid of the Western (classical) approach of

critical attention and this other (is it Southern?) approach of uncritical participation.

I certainly don't mean to say that this uncritical approach is a better or more genuine way of appreciating music. Nor am I implying that critical attention to music precludes true emotional or spiritual appreciation. However, I think it's true that some of us (myself included) are a little burdened by our critical upbringing.

As I discovered at the Hispanic festival, a little hand clapping goes a long way, both on stage and off.

God is Dead, and why isn't Bono?

Blitz

I'm getting kind of sick of writing obnoxious articles about bands nobody has the slightest interest in. I mean, I'm sure it bores the shit out of *The Herald* readers, and it's starting to bore me. So forget it. I won't write the article I was going to write about Hawkwind, nor the one about the Descendents, despite the brilliance of both bands. So go ahead - play synthopdisco at the pubs. (Actually, the music at the past few pubs hasn't been that bad - "Walking on Sunshine" and The Pet Shop Boys have both been MIA, thank goodness.) Anyway, there's more to life than music, I just can't for the moment think what that "more" comprises of. Sex? Nah - it's just people dancing horizontally without music. Drugs? Nah - they're just what people do to be able to appreciate music more. Alcohol? Forget it - it just makes people stupider and more obnoxious than even I am. School? That's just where you go when you realize that music won't make you enough money to live on, so you might as well get a degree that'll guarantee you a boring job. Clothing? Just a way to make you look cool should you happen to be offered a chance to go onstage immediately. Travel? A meagre substitute for touring with a band. Religion? Only for the terminally insecure. Friendship? Music is simpler (just press play) and, in the long run, less expensive. Besides, what do friends do when they get

together? Go see a band, or listen to some tunes, or go drinking in a bar with music playing.

Okay. So really there's nothing in life other than music. Still, why write about it all the time? Well, if I write about Nietzsche (genius and artist in the truest sense of the words) someone will accuse me of being a fascist again. I get boring - being anti-Communist and a fan of Nietzsche does not make one a fascist. Nietzsche would've hated the Nazis as much as anyone. That doesn't mean, however, that I have to like communism. It's a distillation of the worst of capitalism with even more idiocy thrown in. Stalin killed more people than Hitler, for Christ's sake. Speaking of Christ, I'm none too enamoured with the sadomasochistic garbage that people call Christianity. 'Nyah nyah nyah - I'm good and you're bad!' Like a pack of immature eight year-olds, sucking up to Mommy (sorry Daddy, Christianity is also incredibly sexist. I guess after you've denigrated the flesh to the extent that Christians do, oppressing half the human race seems natural. So does killing anyone who doesn't share your particular brand of insanity, although all religions are guilty of this). I guess I'm one of those atheist fascists now, as opposed to being a religious fascist like the Pope or Jerry Falwell.

Anyway, enough ranting for now. Enough everything. I'm gonna go listen to the Dead, and if you're wise you'll do the same.

The Obscured and Unexpected

Burkhard

A few short comments on a few records for your listening pleasure.

- 1) RED ZONE
LP: *THE ALBUM*
Dolphin Moon Records/import

A multi-media (dance, music, slides, costumes, text etc.) production of the story of 'Max' who enters the...RED ZONE. *The Album* contains shortened versions of performances done in 1985/86/87 at the Kennedy Center and John Hopkins University. Good keyboards and excellent commentary, i.e. "News from the RED ZONE". Further titles include "Max on the Island of Blue Women" and "The Unforgivably Frigid Jungles of the Landlocked Isles" (!!!!).

- 2) KURT SWINGHAMMER
CASSETTE # 12
Independent

"Garbage Day", "Perculator Blues" and "Canada Ha, Ha" are the kind of tunes that have earned Kurt an underground following mainly in Toronto. Kurt deserves more attention musically and artistically. You can recognise *Swinghammer*'s art from ten feet (or more as some people claim)

away. For tapes, info etc. write: K.S. 65b Jarvis St. Toronto M5C 2H2.

- 3) PEE WEE HERMAN
LP: *BIG TOP PEEWEE*
One of the major labels

No kidding! Has some great jazz, folk, bigband sound and a Sinatra style 'Vegas-tune'. Music by Danny Elfman and featuring *PEEWEE* on vocals for a few tracks (for completely disturbed people !!!)

- 4) ETERNAL WIND
LP: *WASULU*
Flying Fish records/import

Great rhythms, lots of percussion and drums, funky horn arrangements. Two black and two white guys. Rhythm and horns make you feel better in this crazy and illogical world. NOTE: Imports and cassettes are hard to get and then usually expensive. Call your local community radio station, make the request and be, hopefully, positively surprised.
ckln 88.1 fm
ciut 89.5 fm
chry 105.5 fm only for northwest metro Toronto.

Life Lived with a Cadillac up your Nose

Impossible, they used to say
and never thought they'd see the day
when they would really have to pay
for making a bet that wouldn't stay

And so...

Now I have a car up my nose
and not so far that it only shows
but shoved right up there as far as it goes

And in conclusion...

Living with a cad
is not very bad
I'm not very mad
just a little bit sad.



The Festival of Festivals - Remember?

Dead Ringers

David Morris

David Cronenberg's new film *Dead Ringers*, is about a pair of identical twin gynecologists, Beverly Mantle (Jeremy Irons) and Elliot Mantle (Jeremy Irons), and the fatal nature of the relationship between the two, the decline of which is catalyzed by the sterile movie actress Claire Niveau (Genevieve Bujold). I found the film to be interesting only in terms of the literary qualities of its plot, and for the mental exercise of unraveling the psychology which drives the story and finding the symbolic structure that Cronenberg uses. Cinematographically, I found it very uninteresting, even annoying.

The film is photographically very flat. The depth of field seems to be large for the most part, with everything in focus, and the lighting is diffuse and non-directional. Lights become architectural accents, with cornices splashing perfect parabolas on walls, etc. But the light does not seem to interact with the characters who are moving in the space of the film. The problem is compounded by the fact that the spaces are architecturally contrived, and are composed of crisp planes of matte coloured material, arranged in geometric, Neo-Renaissance configurations. Which is all very well if you're trendy and can afford Bang and Olufsen stereo equipment, but most of the time I felt like I was trapped in an oversize cappuccino bar when I was watching this film. The tendency of the film to feel flat becomes teeth-grittingly tense when the well ordered arrangement of space and light move outside. The sequences of Beverly entering the art gallery feel like they're shut inside an enclosed space and during the sequence where Beverly descends the steps outside his apartment (next to the Eaton Centre) I found myself wishing for the uniform grey clouds to clear and the sun to cast a well defined shadow. For whatever reason, these shots drove me crazy.

The flattening of film though, seems to be Cronenberg's point. With this technique he is able to

raise the twins into the foreground and show their alienation from the world in which they live, an alienation which is established in the opening sequence of the twins as children. The well balanced architecture and symmetry of the hi-tech world through which the twins move serves as a metaphor for the relationship that they have developed in order to survive, and is only disrupted when the twins begin their fall. Then the interior of their sterile Italian designed office is suitably maessed up, and feels slightly human. The architectural metaphor is further evidenced by the contrast of the interior of Claire's apartment with the twins' which is meant to reflect the differences in their nature.

Cronenberg, however, is not content with arranging the architecture, and extends the orderliness of the twins' environment to the camera movement (although how much of this is necessitated by the technical difficulties of shooting Irons as both characters is unclear). The camera is confined to the horizontal plane for most of the film, only jiggling out of it for a brief peek up a set of granite stairs, until the end of the film where the camera glides down Elliot's body which lies prone in a surgical chair, and once again in the final sequence of dissolves where the camera gets to explore the space of the twins' office. Once again, this is a 'nice' device, meant to reflect the shattering of the equilibrium of the twins' relation, but endless pans and tracking Steadicam shots do not make for interesting cinematography.

The plot of the film is fairly straight forward in its treatment of a traditional, one could almost call it a Romantic, theme. The struggle between Self and Other is made into a fight between literal Doppelgangers, and the working out of the differences between male and female and the definition of sexuality is given a new twist when it is confined to the internalized sexual relation of the twins. (warning: reading further may spoil the movie for those who haven't



seen it) What is most interesting about the way Cronenberg deals with this plot is that he lays out an almost perfect path of symbols from the opening credits to the closing ones, and some of these are dealt with below. The symbols, however, become almost too blatant.

Similar to Dr. Frankenstein, the twins in their alienation try and separate themselves from the normal stream of sexuality and reproduction. This is made evident in the opening sequence by the young twins, who marvel at the almost parthenogenetic sex lives of fish, and like the fact that "fish don't need sex" and don't need to touch each other in order to reproduce. The twins' work, as gynecologists who try and make sterile women fertile, is an extension of the move away from normal reproduction. Like Frankenstein, they do their replication in the lab, by proxy. As Beverly proclaims in a badly acted drunk scene "I do everything for those bimbos except suck it in them". The twins are essentially sterile.

What the twins don't realize is that they have internalized the sexual relation. It takes Claire to reveal this to them. She questions Beverly about the female nature of his name and drives the film on to a new stage, in which Beverly realizes that it is necessary to separate from Elliot, to experience things without sharing them with his brother. Of course, it takes a dream sequence in which Claire bites through a phallus/umbilicus which connects the two brothers to drive the point home for Beverly. The film settles into a competition between Claire and Elliot for Beverly, and Elliot comes out the winner after a *pas de trois* with Bev and Elliot's girlfriend (who, incidentally, couldn't act her way out of a paper bag, despite her heroic attempts at Marlene Dietrich vocal impersonation).

The struggle for separation has its toll, however, and the twins both decline, revert to childhood and begin regressing to the womb. This process is made literal by Cronenberg. In the sequence where Beverly is taken to the hospital, diaphanous white curtains hang

around Bev's designer lit hospital bed (if I have an operation in the future, I want it to be in a Cronenberg designed hospital). Elliot lies across Bev's body in the hospital bed, and the shot, if pictured from above would look exactly like the woodcuts of a caesarian section of twins which are used in the opening sequence, with the elliptically arranged curtains becoming the walls of the womb. Later, Bev once again tries to get back together with Claire, but he fails and returns to his brother. They continue their demise together and finally, on their birthday, Beverly performs a grotesque parody of a caesarian section on his brother. Beverly then for the last time tries to join with Claire, but he is drawn back to his dead brother, and in death he is finally reunited with his brother, physically reestablishing an umbilical connection between the two, *a la* Peter Greenway's *A Zed and Two Noughts*. The film ends with (after the credits) a woodcut of twins in an opened womb, with the cord between them clearly visible (which was not the case with the opening woodcuts).

This is not a film that I liked. The 'filmic' qualities of it were uninteresting, and the narrative was simplistic in comparison with other works. There were some witty points in the film, such as the self reflexive criticism of the film industry culture, and artists, as well as a plug for Joel's Pizza that made me lust for Italian food. Certainly nobody can accuse Mr. Cronenberg of being a sloppy filmmaker. This is a polished product, except for a few lame sequences (the ambulance, the delivery boy, the concierge for example), and Cronenberg gets a great performance out of Jeremy Irons. The film, however, isn't inspired, and unfortunately, the alienating techniques that Cronenberg uses preclude any empathic relations with the characters on the screen. The only thing that is left is a morbid fascination with the predestined fate of the twins.

Land of Dreams

Steve Graveslock

Land of Dreams exhibits all of the strengths one normally associates with Jan Troell (*The Emigrants*, *The New Land*, *Flight of the Eagle*) like intelligence, sensitivity and lucidity. But the style is something quite new for him. A collection of interviews, documentary footage and philosophical meditations, the film resembles vintage Godard, particularly the 'Dialogue with a Consumer Product' segment of *Masculin-Feminin* or *Two or Three Things I know About Her*. The trees in this film have as much presence as the cranes in *Two or Three Things*. Troell's sensibility is much earlier than Godard's though. He's never as maddeningly obtuse as Godard sometimes is.

Basically, the film laments modernity's failure. At times, with its attack on mass society, reason, and standardization, it's as if Arendt, Horowitz or Jean-Jaques himself got hold of a movie camera. Bureaucracy, standardization, and regimentation create a world where real human needs are completely

ignored to preserve order. In one episode, an old man recounts how he can't place a natural stone on his wife's grave -- even though she requested it -- because it's too wide. The laws governing the size and width of tombstones are strictly upheld. (A politician explains that allowing one exception would simply encourage people to compete over the size of the stones again and destabilize "grave culture".) Specialization prevents people from seeing beyond their own little areas or even recognizing that other areas exist. An expert on botany rattles on *ad nauseum* about the imminent, pressing danger of hogweed as if it were the plague. An official (read exterminator) cheerfully describes his job as "free and pleasant" and compares himself to a priest.

Troell sees the anthropocentrism of modern man as particularly debilitating. It kills off the sense of wonder essential to man's existence. When a wolf wanders into a populated area it's treated like an alien invasion, generating huge headlines. Man -- or the proper authorities -- even feels compelled to organize and regiment wild



animals he has little contact with. Officials capture and plant radio transmitters on wolves in order to "fit them into the system." Troell graphically illustrates what fitting into the system means to him when researchers capture a wolf. One of them rhapsodizes about the opportunities it offers them: he and his colleagues then proceed to flay it. Trees, which Troell associates with a sense of mystery and awe, are virtually mowed down. It's okay though, because the authorities grow replacements in neat little rows.

This description probably makes the film sound too schematic, but

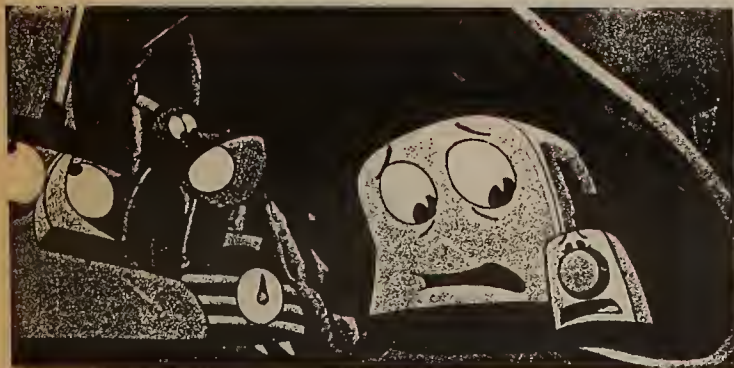
for the most part, Troell builds his case intuitively. It's full of unexpected moments of eerie beauty. Two lights appear and hover in a lush forest like fireflies or sprites. The lights -- it turns out -- belong to a huge tree cutting machine which then demolishes the forest.

The tone of the film is extremely rich. The hogweed expert first seems to be a ridiculous old crank. Troell gives the coot's obsession with total security and control a broader context when he juxtaposes a shot of the plants -- which are quite beautiful -- with a shot of the withered husk it becomes after he's dealt with it. The wolf's entrance into the city is accompanied by blaring, ridiculously melodramatic music. The episode about the old man and the tombstone is alternately sombre and ludicrous.

Structurally, the film has problems. It seems paradoxical but I think it falters in the final hour because of its very fecundity. The last hour merely reiterates what has already been established and does so in a much more literal, reductive way. However, there is not a single scene that isn't compelling in some way. Well, actually, I could have done with fewer scenes with Rollo

May, a psychiatrist Troell uses to elucidate some of the points he's making. It's not what May says that is so aggravating, it's his smugness. Maybe he only aggravates because his enunciations of some of the work's central themes come off flat next to the images Troell provides us with. The sessions with May also lack the depth of the other interviews, which pile up ambiguities and shifts in tone.

Similarly, Troell loses his critical perspective in a section on a woman who abandons the city to weave tapestries. She is the only person whose work is truly fulfilling to herself and others. The whole segment is too goddamned idyllic and pure. It's as if the Juliette Binoche character, the throwback in *Unbearable Lightness of Being*, had survived and taken up weaving. Troell could be presenting art as an escape route here: he dismisses the whole back to the land movement earlier in the film. The entire episode though, is too closely tied to the purity of the pastoral location to be separated from it completely. However, there are really only minor faults in a film this good. Anyways, how can you criticize a man who stands up for trees?



Miracle Mile

Steve Graveslock

In the thriller *Miracle Mile*, Steve de Jarnett displays real film sense. The film has the niftiest premise since *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Alone on the Sunset Strip one night after oversleeping and missing a late date with his new girlfriend, Harry Washello (Anthony Edwards) answers a wrong number on a pay phone. Before Harry can tell him he's misdialled, the caller blurts out his message. Claiming to be a soldier stationed in a missile silo, he tells Harry that the United States has launched a pre-emptive strike. The Soviet response will reach L.A. in approximately seventy minutes. Understandably, Harry is extremely reluctant to believe what he's told, but he can't believe that the caller was lying either. He decides to accept it as the truth after getting very skimpy corroboration from a governor's aide. Harry spends the rest of the film trying to get Juli (Marie Winningham), his girlfriend, and her family to safety. It's a real modern Everyman film, playing on the common man's fear and distrust of his leaders and general sense of powerlessness. No one believes that anyone would be crazy enough to drop the bomb, but the *ago*, when you hear Reagan's aides talk about body counts, SDI, and the possibility of winning a nuclear war, who knows what the bell they'll do. de Jarnett toys with the audience's reluctance to believe what Harry bears and its readiness to accept it. (We're never told whether the report is true until the conclusion.) At times we're tempted to dismiss the whole thing as a

dream. The film has a nightmarish intensity largely because of de Jarnett's charged visual style (it resembles some of George Miller's work, the good George Miller I mean) and the rapid pace of Stephen Semel's editing. Like a dreamer, Harry has no control over what happens; and the worst always happens. Violence erupts suddenly despite all of Harry's good intentions. In one of the best scenes, after he convinces the patrons of a diner that what he heard was true and they speed off to a heliport, Harry stares out of the back of a van at the passing streets. The shot mixes fear, exhilaration, incredulity and relief. (It took a lot of effort to convince them he wasn't crazy.)

Like Demme or Sturges, de Jarnett exhibits a great, frequently comic eye for character and context. This is largely what saves the film from deteriorating into an Irwin Allen production. He convinces us that we know everything about a character and then reveals depths or quirks we never anticipated at all. It's an apocalyptic (maybe) road movie. Perhaps the most positive sign for de Jarnett's future is the attention he devotes to performances. Young directors have a tendency to try to dazzle the audience with pyrotechnics and neglect the actors, but de Jarnett gets concise, complete portrayals out of everyone, especially the principals. Edwards in particular is perfect at conveying Harry's confusion and indecision. Late in the film, Edwards tells Winningham that -- if they die -- they'll turn into diamonds in a thousand years. Some gems take less time to make.

Ninja Bitches and Pagan Phalli

David (never review a movie you weren't paid to like) Sumner

TAPEHEADS

Tapeheads, directed by video virtuoso Bill Fishman and produced by ex-Monkee Michael Nesmith, stars John Cusack as Ivan (sporting the slicked-back hair and pencil-thin moustache of the suave but shady businessman) and Tim Robbins as Josh (most certainly a gifted *artiste*, as revealed by his mussed-up hair). Together they get canned as security guards and form the Video Aces, hoping to find fame and fortune in the music video industry. When an errant satellite tumbles from the heavens, landing on the heavy metal rock group Blender Children, the struggling entrepreneurs step into the limelight. Along the way they meet with soft-shoeing CIA heavies, Swanky Modes, fried chicken rap songs and appearances by Connie Stevens, Ted Nugent and Weird Al

Yankovich -- plus a nasty Presidential candidate who is willing to measure his manhood against any Ruskie's. Mr. Fishman, although new to the feature film, knows enough that if you throw in a pair of Ninja Bitches you can't go wrong.

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM

Eight hundred years ago when the esteemed Lord of D'Ampton sliced in half the dreaded White Worm, he didn't quite finish the job. The serpentine evil was not entirely rid from the Mercian countryside, and now Ken Russell (*Tommy*, *Altered States*, *Crimes of Passion*) has rallied to direct its return. It seems that shortly after the Roman occupation of Britain some nuns were unfortunate enough to build their convent on the site of an old pagan temple. These pagans worshipped the snake, a creature

hard done by since its first confrontation with Christianity in the Garden of Eden and now out for revenge. The present-day Lord of D'Ampton, aided by Angus the Scot, must once more confront the beast, who is aided in turn by the hypotically beautiful Sylvia the snake-lady. *The Lair of the White Worm*, updated from the novel by Bram Stoker (*Dracula*), will not be everyone's cup of tea. Russell is characteristically excessive: complete with dream/fantasy sequences, nun rape, human sacrifices, and strap-on dildoes rather larger than one would normally desire. However, unlike *Gothic*, Russell's last effort, *White Worm* never takes itself too seriously, and this should be its saving grace for viewers unaccustomed to his films. Camp humour and some wonderful performances make *White Worm* destined to be a late-night repertory and video rental favourite.

Salaam Bombay



Sudha Krishna

A ten-year old, Krishna, is left behind by the travelling circus he works for. He goes to Bombay hoping to earn five hundred rupees to take back to his mother in his home village. Once in Bombay, Krishna is bombarded by the city's teeming squalor and madness. He must learn how to stay afloat among the drug dealers, pimps, prostitutes, policemen and other children, like himself, who try to survive while falling victim to the city's unyielding hunger.

The most striking aspect of *Salaam Bombay* is its authenticity. The cinematography and acting especially contribute to the realism of the film.

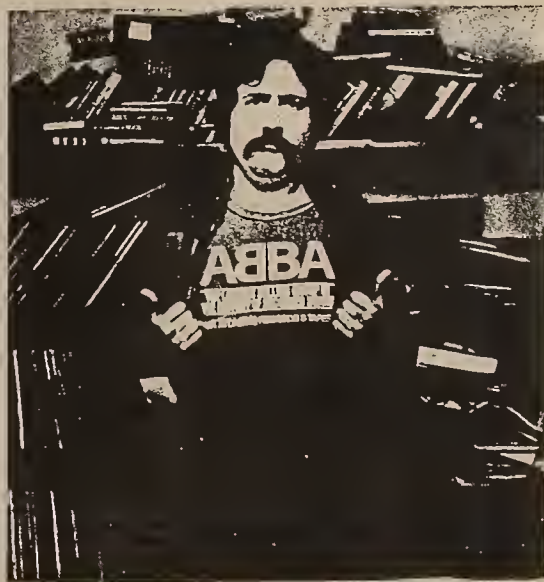
Though the film was shot in colour, it has a 'black and white' feel to it. Through the use of muted

colours, Mira Nair creates a bleak and gritty image of Bombay. Vivid colours are only used during Krishna's movie fantasies of his favourite star - Mr. India.

The role of Krishna is effortlessly played by a 12 year-old rag picker, Shafig Syed. Seventeen of the film's child actors come from the Bombay streets. This film experience has had a profound effect on these street-children. Some have since started school, some have returned to their villages, some have found jobs while others have returned to the streets.

What was the overall effect of *Salaam Bombay*'s realism? It did not evoke a feeling of pity for Krishna and other children like him. Rather, the film created a feeling of empathy for those children whose lives are on the margin of human existence.

in memorium ... Lester Bangs



1948 - 82

Genital Waving: The Forgotten Subjects of Academia

Sean Maggesson

Who creates university courses anyways? Are they ever revised? Are new ones ever created? These are some questions first year students may be asking themselves as they yawn from ENG 101Y to PHIL 102Y. Perhaps some 'new course creator' should whip up a class concentrating on somnambulism. Empirical material would not be scarce. Writing labs? Forget 'em — take a course on how to write with your eyes shut. Some would say that some professors teach the very same way.

Academia is not boring. So what if the regular Northrop Frye types can hardly walk. So what if you get a C- on your first paper and the pages look as fresh as they were from out of the typewriter. For there are, looming in the drawing room haze of Vic, U.C., and Trinity, possible university courses that the 'new course creator' forgot. These are the forgotten subjects of academia.

Nietzsche, Whitman, and D.W. Griffith used to be among the mist dwellers, but they have now found their way into some courses. How did they do it? The answer lies with those 'unseen men', the ones with more letters behind the names than in front.

Why can't these same 'unseen men' once again inject a revitalizing shot into the frail arm of academia? And yes, there is wads of hair on the old grey palm of academia — from years of masturbating to the post-erotic stimuli of Kafka, T.S. Eliot and (dare we say) Margaret Laurence.

Imagine what a course in late Romantic French poets would do. Rimbaud, Baudelaire and Apollinaire would be enough to set that old grey arm into youthful spasms for years. Why are such poets not taught comprehensively in English or French literature courses today? Is it because they are considered erratic minor writers with histories of drug abuse and other 'obscene' habits? Or is it because those 'unseen men', who have probably never written anything more poetic than their postal codes, consider the poet's works not rich enough?

Perhaps it is in order to remind those 'unseen men' of what kind of habits Socrates indulged in with little boys... or how old Will might have treated young stage boys... or how Freud and Sartre wrote some of their major works while under something other than a roof... or how between Eugene O'Neill and William Faulkner America was almost drunken dry... OR (!) how all these stigmas are irrelevant when recognizing works of genius.

Antonin Artaud had a lot to say on this subject, and being the standard 'persecuted and tortured artist', he is a reliable commentator. How can our society (not to mention the 'unseen men', the proverbial 'pillars') persecute geniuses they cannot understand, said Artaud, and at the same time "eat vagina cooked in green sauce or the genitals of a new born child..." Indeed!

In fact, wouldn't it be academically more exciting (excuse the oxyrhynchus) to study artists' so-

called social abnormalities in relation to their works. Or would this perspective be too direct and not cumbersome enough for a course structure?

Imagine a course which studied the Beat writers in relation to their society. Kerouac and jazz, his writings studied as a kind of diary for a nation of unstable and spontaneous youth; or Ginsberg and his attack on (yawn) conventional verse, his 'genital waving' in the face of the establishment; and this is not to mention... ho, ho, dream on ye faithful. Did you actually think it possible for deep traditions in any university to be broken so easily? that might hurt (hurt what, I don't know).

It is a sad fact for first year Arts students: new and interesting courses are hard to find. A close look, however, at the course calendar will offer some alternatives for next year. If you are willing to go beyond "groups A and B", you may not find yourself needing a good slap in the face every five minutes during a lecture to stay awake. But in the meantime, take consolation in the words of Artaud: "I cannot help but think meant them to apply partly to those 'unseen men' who create and/or restrict courses and course material in the students' interests: "...a world that, day and night and more and more eats the uneatable in order to bring its evil will around its own ends, has nothing else to do at this point but to shut up."



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Xenophon & Og

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.

X: Our first question for this week is a rather interesting one. Og?
O: Yes, the question is 'Can we have synthetic a priori judgements concerning tie dye?'

X: Obviously there's more going on here than manifests itself on the surface. What we should be asking is what does the questioner really mean by asking this question?

O: The easiest place to get a toehold on this problem is with the last word of the sentence, the word that we are left with when we utter this phrase, 'dye'.

X: We ask, is there such a big difference between 'die' and 'dye'?
O: And our answer is that there isn't. A mere slip of the pen; 'i' 'y' are as close phonetically as X: monkeys are to Og.

O: And that's not all folks; we don't just have 'dye'- we have 'tie dye', an obvious indication of kinky practices, harkening back to the decadent times of the Greeks and Romans.

X: But enough of this. It's quite clear that there is something hidden in this question.

O: Yes, some heavy Thanatos, so to speak.

X: He's not that heavy. I mean, last week he was over for dinner and ate practically nothing. Og, on the other hand-

O: Now it's quite clear that we can't address the underlying matter of the question, although we'd probably agree that we can have kinky ideas a priori to any future meta-

X: Well yes, and death too. But we also thought we'd tackle the problem as it appears to be worded, not as we interpret it.



O: So can we have synthetic a priori judgements concerning tie dye?

X: Well that depends on the circumstances. Obviously, if we are going to have any judgements a priori about tie dye, they must be necessary, or be dependent only on other judgements which are synthetic. So, in so far as these judgements pertain to synthetics, yes, we can have a priori synthetic judgements.

O: We'd like to point out, however, that if these are to be pure a priori synthetic judgements, the dye must also be synthetic. Natural dyes are completely out of the question.

X: So, in so far as such a question pertains to the cotton polyester set, and in so far as the tie dye is made with synthetic dyes, we can have a priori judgements about synthetics.

O: Well, yes, and now for the next question.

X: What's the difference between a duck?

O: Now we researched this one thoroughly and take it to be a veiled reference to the tragic life of Otto von Guenke, a little known empirical philosopher of Moldavia. He met his death during one of his well documented meetings with

David Hume, whom he undoubtedly influenced.

X: Yes, apparently they were off for a spin on the go-kart of judgement when Hume mistakenly left the road and careered down a little known path. Hume spotted a low lying branch which extended over the road and yelled 'duck!' Well, Otto apparently didn't. Many scholars believe that this is intimately tied to Otto's firm disbelief in abstract concepts and verbs. He maintained that he only understood concrete objects. Thus when Hume yelled duck, he proceeded to look for one, and lost his head in the attempt.

X: Other scholars point out that Otto didn't know English, and that this is the reason why he didn't understand Hume. These scholars obviously can't be trusted, because they've passed up an opportunity to make a great point.

O: At any rate it seems that the difference between a duck is one head. Or, more abstractly, the difference between a duck is intimately caught up in the multiplicity of meanings associated with the word.

X: But not satisfied with this historical approach, we tried a different method. We described the duck as a topological manifold, feathers and all, and using a little known process producing an equivalent system in tensor notation.

O: Then we threw the whole thing in the bathtub, and went through the same procedure one more time.

X: Then we took a difference across the representational space of the two systems, once again using a little known (ed- and highly questionable) These guys are out to lunch (X+O- we wish we were out

to lunch, but no, here we are slaving away. And they call this a career!) method.

O: After much calculation and dispute, we came up with a result of 23.99, which, curiously enough, is exactly the price of duck a l'orange at this great restaurant down town.

X: But seeing as how are result did not include tax and tip, we are going to go over our results again, and report the new results in our next column.

O: We always get our facts right.



X: And, in another mind boggling coincidence, our next correspondent wants to know 'What about fish?'

O: Well, that's easy. Fish are the underlying substrate of reality. No matter where we turn, no matter what we see, if we delve deeper we will always arrive at fish. As Heraclitus said, everything that is, is fish.

X: That's 'fire' Og, not fish.

O: What?

X: Fire. I mean everything being fish? Don't you think that's a little bit suspect? Wouldn't it be just a little bit smelly if everything were fish?

O: Right, right, must have been a bad translation.

X: Well Og's now turned a bit green around the gills so we'd better move on to our next question which reads 'Is horn, a noble, abundant and low cost raw material, really a viable alternative to plastic?'

O: Well, trivially speaking no. What is horn? It's hard, white, a natural product, and grows from the skull. So it must contain the essence of bone. So it is bone. And what is plastic? A petroleum product. And what is petroleum? Pressure cooked dinosaurs. So petroleum must contain that which is essential to being a dinosaur, which is that same thing which is expressed in an essential mode in bone. So plastic must be bone, and bone plastic. Quid errata demonstratum. Pilae vobiscum. So asking whether one can be an alternative to the other is nonsensical. They're the same thing.

X: On the other hand, in a little known culture in the Americas there was a tribe which used horns as currency. Those tuned in Eb were especially valuable, and value also increased with the amount of tubing and weight of the mouth piece. When credit cards were introduced, plastic did become a viable alternative to horns. However the pressure that this put on the economy, together with an unexpected visit by a troupe of French horn players devalued the currency beyond belief. Faced with prices of three tuba equivalents for one loaf of bread, the tribe expired.

O: So, obviously horn can be a viable alternative to plastic, but watch out.

Readers are invited to send in their questions. We will be glad to answer them.

SAC was up my Bum but I went to the Proctologist and had it Removed

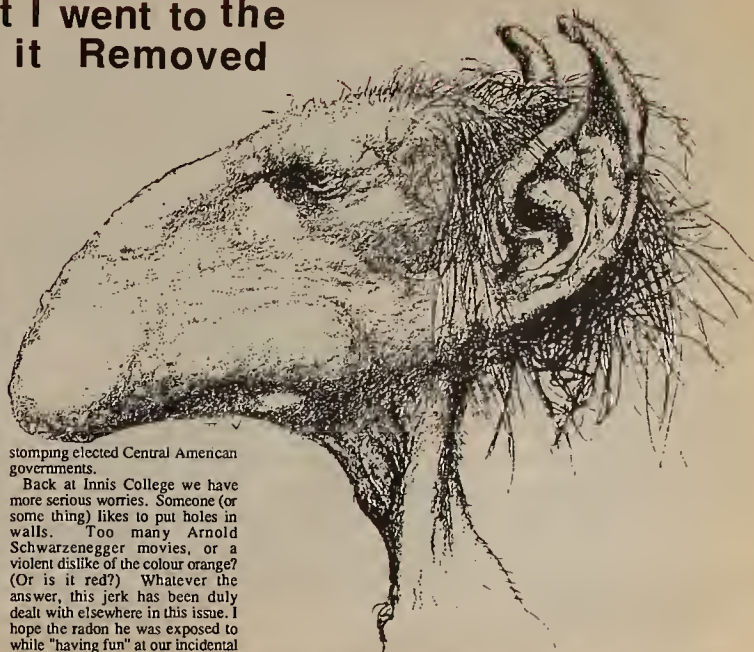
Rick Campbell

I will resist temptation. I will not write about SAC goofs this time. I will only say that when you elect a person who doesn't tell you what he's going to do, who dwells on past achievements, then you get what you vote for. That being said, check out Brian Mulroney's latest speeches. Where's the mandate? He's for continued prosperity. Who isn't! (Satan maybe) He's running for a "vision of Canada's future," but he doesn't say what that vision is. I think it's increased homelessness, more pollution, higher taxes and increased military commitments myself. He may say I'm wrong, but he's the guy who told us there was no way he'd back Free Trade. I guess it basically boils down to whatever those fellows who gave him the money to run this campaign want. I sure hope those guys are also going to pay for all those programs he's promised. (Enough cash invested in black hole mega-projects to make a Laguna man, I don't have it!) Sorry Brian, I just can't pay for both the Quebec and the British Columbian vote! Why didn't you just buy a new pair of Gucci loafers instead?

(HOLD IT! STOP THE PRESSES! I've just received a report stating that SAC turned down Project Aid assistance for Vic student Greg Sewell's lone battle against a luxury hotel being dumped on his college's doorstep. They

didn't even volunteer to find some other way to help him out; at the very least supporting his action of occupying one of the soon to be demolished student residences. Of course SAC didn't help you out Greg! Of course they've barely offered a word in your support. Last year they ducked the Underfunding Rally and stonewalled money for the Women's Centre. Don't you all see? SAC is interested in campus politics, not student issues! Just leave those poor suckers alone or they'll never get up another spellbinding Jitters concert next year! Now, back to our show...)

In the U.S.A., the Electoral College will be taking the tough task of selecting the next President out the average American's hands. Thank goodness! What, with The Boss dumping his wife for his back-up singer, who has time to choose a President? Bush's own mind must surely have been on L.A. Law's season opener when he chose Dan Quayle as a running mate. You may have seen Quayle in the movies. Martin Sheen played him in *The Dead Zone*. On the other side of the same coin, Dukakakis says his running mate and he see eye to eye on a lot of issues. (They both like the Redskins for the Superbowl.) I say fuck it! Let's take all the money that is being spent on the campaigns and use it to improve the acting and scripts of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Let the Chase Manhattan bank pick its puppet and get on with the job of



stomping elected Central American governments.

Back at Innis College we have more serious worries. Someone (or some thing) likes to put holes in walls. Too many Arnold Schwarzenegger movies, or a violent dislike of the colour orange? (Or is it red?) Whatever the answer, this jerk has been duly dealt with elsewhere in this issue. I hope the radon he was exposed to while "having fun" at our incidental and tuition fees' expense gets him where he lives.

Another late-breaking story courtesy of one of our SAC reps, Chris Thisenhausen-hausenhausen. The SAC Board has seen fit to recognise the Women's Centre. At last! Signs of life, captain! Welcome to the twentieth

century! I understand that Darryl McDowell was forcibly ejected from the meeting, after a moving speech by a guest speaker, for his lack of protocol and tendency to hatefulness. Did everyone see the glowing, though badly written, defense in the Newspaper of

McDowell's nasty Underground piece in by a supporter who, once finished with defending Darryl's right to free speech, exercised his own by engaging in thinly veiled anti-semitism? Charming Darryl. Are all your supporters illiterate facists?

Mary Worth Update



Arthur Wilson

On Saturday August 27 *The Globe and Mail* ruthlessly cut *Mary Worth* from its pages. The *Innis Herald*, located another source of *Mary*. We have been slavishly following *Mary's* progress, which has enabled us to bring you, the home reader, a summary of *Mary* for the month of September.

When we left *Mary*, the plot involving Jenny Bush (formerly Jenny Troon), Doc and Doc's 'El Wife-O' was winding down. Ian Cameron had just come home, puffing madly on his ever-present pipe, and had declared to Toby that his desk was cleared out. In September not much happened, but then nothing ever does.

The Jenny/Doc plot went nowhere. Jenny told husband Kevin all the sordid embarrassing details and that was it. It turns out that Ian Cameron is taking a sabbatical quite against his will. This was revealed to Mary when the Cameron's invited her over for a mysterious dinner. It turned out the dinner was a bon voyage dinner as the Camerons had decided to "split the scene" and take a trip (actually Toby had decided and Ian was being dragged along).

The trip was to be a two week cruise. Ian, still puffing madly, complained that he gets sea sick. Mary, seeing her opportunity, artfully weasled an invitation from Toby and Ian to accompany them. It took Mary about ten days real time (10 hours strip time) to make up her mind to go. She was naturally concerned about her responsibilities at the condo. Fortunately Carlos

Alora, the dashing old spaniard, assured her that he would look after the place while Mary was gone. It seems that Carlos had enlisted Jenny to help with the gardening and she was looking none too pleased.

After clearing the trip with her friend Hamilton "Ham" Hull, who owns the condo, Mary and the Camerons were on their way.

They flew to Miami. While still in flight Toby noticed that Mary seemed somewhat out of sorts. Mary assured her that she was "just a little too excited", but experienced *Mary Worth* fans knew that a new plot was about to blossom forth.

So anyway, they got on the boat and got settled into their staterooms. Ian's spirits seemed to be picking up a bit. Actually his mood had been improving ever since he bought a dandy sailing outfit days earlier. Unfortunately the same could not be said for Mary.

Toby had gone to check up on Mary in her stateroom. When she got there she found Mary in tears. Mary told Toby the sad tale of how her husband Jack died before any of their "vacation dreams could come true". Mary was getting a bit teary because she knew Jack would have loved the cruise.

But by the next (real) day Mary perked up. She got a devious look in her eye, a look that could only mean plot twist. More foreshadowing went on for the next few days. Ian, looking at the passenger list, noticed that it read like a "sea-going singles club". An "at that moment" panel revealed that a mysterious stranger was sending a

corsage to someone else on the ship.

As we leave Mary on the last day of September, she and the Camerons are dressing for dinner. Ian, still with the pipe, is complaining about having to wear a tux. But Mary and Toby insist, saying they aren't going to dinner with an "ugly american tourist".

What will happen in October? Well for one thing the corsage must be for Mary. A ship board romance may start to blossom between Mary and the mysterious flower sender. However Mary's puritan values will probably thwart it in the end. So for now we have only one plot twist brewing. However when you put Ian and Toby Cameron on a ship for two weeks, something has to happen. Stay tuned.

Braz

My initial impression of the weekend at Innisfree farm went something like this: nothing more than a collection of post-teens staving off adult-hood by so valiantly attempting to live out an experience grand enough to one day be recalled as the glorious past.

As Friday progressed, and the anti-reality anesthetics began to flow freely, I observed more inspiring behaviour. As is unavoidable in any such situation, music wars progressed. Each individual proudly insisted on hearing their anthem played while silently or verbally wondering how anyone could listen to that 'other music'. Then came the sexual predators. Seeing an insecure first-

year desperately wanting to belong, being bedded by an indifferent yet boastful senior does little for the cloistered optimist in me.

My first attempt at dealing with this situation consisted of drinking too much rum and writing bad poetry. This failed to help. So, I rejoined the community. As I watched the festivities I began to notice what at first had escaped me. This 'experience in communal living' was not a clash of identities, but a complex process of the merging of very different individuals; I realized that these strangers were becoming friends.

Quickly the cynic sensed a coup about to take place and attempted to rally the defences by stating that it was just a product of over-indulgence and meant nothing. But it was too late. One by one, numerous amazing individuals gradually and unknowingly impressed me deeply. I began to think about the planning that had gone into the weekend, the responsibility on the shoulders of the van drivers, the time sacrifice of the Burrito maker (thanks Des!), and the uniqueness that each person added to the weekend.

To make a maudlin story bearable, I will simply and happily admit that by Sunday afternoon I had concluded that the people I had met were unique, interesting people, each contributing to create an experience grand enough to one day be recalled as the glorious past.



Two steps
to better essays:

1. Make sure
you understand the assignment

2. Make an appointment
at the Innis Writing Lab

Room 314 978-4871

Bummed Out

Zoe Kende

Have you ever noticed what Toronto smells like in the summer? I had the good fortune to work outside of the city this summer, but I did have to come home every now and then. When I drove into the city, depression and smog fell around me and I had an urge to reach for a gas mask.

Somehow I can't remember my hometown of T.O. always being this bad. You can no longer swim in the lake, you can't breathe properly due to the lead and garbage fumes in the air, and you don't want to drink the water thanks to the pollution and the lead water pipes. A few years ago you may have been considered a radical or an alarmist to be concerned about a hole in our atmosphere, but now it seems that it is finally time to consider the fact that we are poisoning our future and our mother earth.

In an article in by Peter Ross in *The Star* last week, he stated that the threat of ecological disaster is unlike nuclear war in that it cannot be avoided. It seems to be a rather bleak statement, however, unless there are giant steps taken, I would tend to agree with him. He outlines this as an apolitical issue, it affects

the entire planet.

Ross cites some of the major problems we face as: the greenhouse effect (which makes it so comfortably warm in the summer in North America), ozone layer damage (which gives us better sun

tans), acid rain (which kills all that nasty algae and living stuff in the lakes), mass extinction of species (too bad mosquitos and cockroaches aren't on the list), and soil erosion.

The above mentioned problems



began barely a century ago, and have been contributed to over the course of human development. However, we have now reached the point in human "progress" at which we can completely alter the earth's biosphere. Ross cites that as we do so, many forms of environmental degradation begin to act synergistically, thereby hastening human extinction due to poisoning, exponentially.

The example Ross uses to demonstrate this synergistic effect is as follows: "the depletion of the ozone layer is exacerbating the greenhouse effect by damaging the oxygen-producing trees and ocean algae, while acid rain contributes as well by reducing the productivity of our forests."

While environmental activists campaign and chew their fingernails, political environmentalists race to find ways to promote sustainable development and monitor industries to keep their destructive effects at an "acceptable level" of pollution. However, none of these efforts seem to move towards any solutions. Environmentalists are fighting a system in which money is the most important variable, and short term monetary gain is preferred even if the costs are long term planet earth extinction.

The attitude of the earth's population could be described overall as one of trapped indifference laced with occasional concern. Most people have a hard enough time putting food in their bellies without trying to fit the fight against acid rain into their busy schedules. Environmental groups are finding it hard to convince poverty stricken farmers in Brazil not to cut down the rainforest because we won't be able to breathe in fifty years if they do -- and they won't be able to eat in ten months if they don't.

So what do you as an individual do? Many times I have thrown my hands in the air, and felt a creeping desperation. I have seen myself as the powerless slave of a large machine which is killing my world, my mother planet, while I participate in a political-economic system which is the cause and reason for continued environmental rape and pillage.

We are not powerless. We have only reduced ourselves to powerlessness because we have forgotten that we have integral worth, and are connected to the greatest source of power that there is: Earth. To prevent ecological collapse, there has to be a new awareness, a new social structure, a new way of thinking. Technology and society have to be harnessed to a will to protect our environment. Development in recycling, solar power, pollution abatement, and water and soil conservation are all areas in which science and technology can aid in halting ecological destruction. Society must become structured in a cyclical rather than hierarchical way in order for people to work together for the future of the planet, not just for the future of a few affluent humans.

However, this shift in social concern from anthropocentrism (people at the centre) to ecocentrism (the planet, including humans, at the centre) will not occur on its own. People must come together to work against an hierarchically alienating social system to make it happen.

People wonder what they as individuals can do to regain their power. There are multitudes of activities to do, the first being to live in an environmentally healthy way. Recycling, not using styrofoam, using unleaded gas, walking instead of driving, being less consumer oriented, voting for environmentally aware and concerned members of parliament, and generally making oneself aware of the issues are all ways to work towards a better future. It is comparably easier to work towards an environmentally sound lifestyle than to attempt to clean up a mess created through ignorance and laziness.

Finally, I would like to introduce to you a forum for comment and insight in the area of environmental concern. *The Herald* welcomes any articles for our new Environmental section. Whether they are ecological or socially environmental we would like to hear your suggestions, anecdotes, beefs, announcements, or the like. Concern and action are the first steps in creating a healthy environment where we can live together.

Innis College Silver Anniversary

Kick-Off:

November 5th

8:00 P.M.: Reception

9:00 P.M.: Auction

10:00 P.M.: Birthday Cake and Fireworks

All Innis Students are invited.

INNIS COLLEGE RAFFLE AND AUCTION Details of items to be won!!!!

Raffle

1st Prize: 2 air tickets: Toronto/Los Angeles/Toronto
7 days hotel accommodation (donated by American Express Travel Services)

2nd Prize:
Packard Bell Computer

3rd Prize:
2 air tickets: Toronto/Newark (New York)/ Toronto (donated by City Express)

4th Prize:
1 Case Wine

5th Prize:
Brunch for 4 at the Four Seasons Hotel, Toronto (donated by the Four Seasons Hotel)

6th Prize:
1 night for 2 at the Royal York Hotel (donated by the Royal York Hotel)

7th Prize:
Books valued at more than \$100 (donated by U of T Press)

8th Prize:
1 night at Chimo Hotel (donated by Chimo Hotel)

9th Prize:
2 tickets to a Toronto Symphony Concert 89/90 Series

10th Prize:
Records valued at \$50

11th Prize:
Clock Radio

12/13th Prize:
Travel Bag

14/15/16th Prize:
Travel Alarm Clock

Raffle will be drawn on June 10, 1989, approx. 9 p.m. at Innis College at the Innis College Alumni Anniversary Party.

Some of the Items to be Auctioned:

1. Personal guided tour of Metro Zoo by Bev Carter (donated by Bev Carter, former Innisite, now at Metro Zoo).

2. Weekend for 2 at Chateau Montebello Hotel, Montreal area (value \$400!) (donated by CP Hotels, Chateau Montebello)

3. Dinner for 2 at the Hilton International Hotel (value \$100) (donated by Hilton Int'l. Hotel)

4. An evaluation of your house/property (value: priceless) (donated by Simon Cotter)

5. Brunch for 2 at Movenplek restaurant (donated by Movenpick)

6. A Make-Up Lesson at Beautyworks (Charles/Yonge St., Toronto) (donated by Beautyworks: Jean Macdonald--value \$60)

7. Weekend for 2 at Chateau Champlain, Montreal (value \$300) (donated by CP Hotels, Chateau Champlain)

8. Registrations (3) for Course In Stress Management (value \$245 each) (donated by Lesley Rose)

9. Coffee Set-- Danish china (donated by Stella Gamble)

10. An exciting glider ride! (donated by Prof. Don Clarke)

11. 2 tickets to Hunting Cockroaches (Canadian Stage Co.) (donated by the Canadian Stage Co.)

12. Year of Cheer (1 Big Mac, fries, and a drink, twice a month for one year) (donated by McDonalds)

13. 2 dinner/theatre tickets--Harpers Restaurant (donated by Harpers Restaurant)

14. 2 tickets to Woyzeck (Canadian Stage Co.) (donated by the Canadian Stage Co.)

15. Dinner for 2 at the Sultan's Tent Restaurant (donated by Sultan's Tent Restaurant)

16. Subscription to The Financial Post (donated by The Financial Post)

17. Four tickets to the Royal Winter Fair & Horse Show (November 1988) (donated by Prof. Wendy Rolph)

18. Dinner for 4 --Chefs David King and Audrey Perry, served by Linda Poulos (In true Innis democratic style-- the help eats with the guests!)

19. 2 tickets --Young People's Theatre -- 88/89 Season (donated by the Young People's Theatre)

20. 3 Fortunes told by Madame Kay.

21. Hair restyled by Ernie. Donated by Capelli Hairstylist.

The Environmental Cost of Free Trade

Cheri Burda

While economists continue to argue back and forth over the possible benefits of the Free Trade Deal, the rising voice of the environmentalist is demanding attention. "Free Trade is an environmental issue", claims the Canadian Environmental Law Association (CELA). Economically, Free Trade may help some and hurt others. Environmentally, Free Trade will hurt everyone, Canadian and American, rich and poor, farmer and financier.

According to the latest polls, Canada is split down the middle on the issue of Free Trade; however, a coalition of 90 environmental groups believe the figures may change once Canadians are made aware of the environmental costs of the Mulroney/Reagan deal. Steve Shrybman, counsel to CELA, has written a brief entitled, "Selling Canada's Environment Short: The Environmental Case Against the Trade Deal", which describes in detail the effects of Free Trade on acid rain, agriculture, waste, energy and pesticide use, along with

Canada's right to manage its own water, forests, and other precious resources. The brief also explores the important issue of government incentives and disincentives for industry and how the deal may affect non-tariff subsidies.

Furthermore, the document outlines a study done by the World Commission on Environmental Development, a study publicly endorsed and adopted by the Conservative government. The brief then reprimands the Trade Deal as a perfect example of what the commission advises against -- by not considering the environmental implications of one of the most important economic trade decisions, Canada is likely to pay a price which our environment and our future cannot afford.

The Ontario Environment Network (OEN) has just finished distributing the brief, and about ninety environmental groups across the country have responded with their endorsement. Never before in the history of the Canadian environmental movement has a document of such complexity and length been endorsed by so many groups.



Men's Athletics

Rob Stanley

Another sports season has begun here at Innis, and as usual, everyone seems optimistic that a new year might bring more success than last year. Let's hope so: it's about time for Innis to show its true colours.

The year didn't begin too well, as the Innis/U.C. football team seemed doomed from the start. An apparent lack of interest caused the end of the U.C./Innis partnership. It seemed there would be no football program at Innis. However we were able to hook up with, of all colleges, Trinity (*aiieeee!!* - sports ed.). The Trinity-Innis rivalry over the years has been intense, to say the least. It does seem a bit ironic that the two teams would merge together. However, this combination has the potential to be a strong team, and their 13-0 loss to Erindale (last year's Div. 1 finalists) is very encouraging. We all hope for big things from this new found team.

The rugby and soccer teams have already begun, and, in the next two weeks, the basketball, volleyball and hockey seasons will begin as well. It would be a big boost to all of our teams to see some Innis fans cheering them on. So, if you're not participating on any teams, at least try to get out and support them.

Get involved.

I'm very excited about the upcoming season. I hope it brings more success than last year's program: let's do our best to show last year's meo's athletic rep. that we can come up big when it counts.

Steroids Up His Bum

Alex Russell

This is not about Ben Johnson.

It is about the Olympics and steroids and some other stuff. The whole Ben Johnson thing (this is the last time I'll mention him) just depresses the hell out of me. But the steroid issue has raised an interesting question.

The other day someone was trying to argue that maybe we

the best scientific know-how who wins the gold. Scientific aids destroy the romantic notion of the athlete. If we legalize the scientific tampering of athletes where do we draw the line? What if they learn to build an athlete from scratch? I can't see anyone enjoying an Olympics contested by robots. There is absolutely no romance in that.

There is a misguided argument against steroids as well. Steroids, we are told, are dangerous for the athlete. They can cause cancer. I don't mean to sound cold-hearted but the possibly cancerous nature of steroids is irrelevant. It pales beside the fact that steroid use is threatening the very meaning of sport.

But here we come to that interesting question I mentioned earlier. Where do we draw the line?

To be technical, it is science that decides what foods are beneficial for an athlete to eat. Yet it seems absurd to suggest that athletes ought not to eat well. The fact is, the line between a scientifically aided athlete and a purely 'human' one is hard to draw.

They say that the gymnasts from the eastern block countries are given a drug which delays puberty. This is why our gymnasts look like young women and theirs look like little girls. It's also why we never win any medals in gymnastics.

Another example of science in the service of athletics is the practice of 'blood-doping'. There are no drugs involved here. The athlete is relieved of a pint or two of their blood, train until the high meet, and then get it pumped back in. They don't get tired as quick.

Personally I feel both of these practices lie on the wrong side of that lazy line. The point is though, that this is the same problem. Where do we tell our athletes to say 'no' to science.

The argument I heard the other day might be bunk but it raises a serious problem. If we are going to defend a ban against steroids we must, it seems to me, do so by taking a stand against scientific assistance in general. Attacking steroids on the grounds that they are unhealthy misses the point entirely. Taking a stand against scientific assistance, in turn entails holding that scientific assistance undermines the very meaning of sports.

However, having taken such a stand one is faced with the difficult task of deciding where to cut an athlete off from scientific assistance.

should just accept steroids and lift the ban. Not only is a steroid ban close to impossible to enforce, ran this argument, but steroids are merely a part of the human endeavor to run faster, jump higher, throw further etc, etc. It's a fact that athletes are constantly improving -- setting records that must have seemed unreachable twenty years ago. And while it's true that there are records which have stood for a number of years, these are relatively few and are noteworthy for precisely this reason. Performance enhancing drugs are simply a part of the arsenal of the modern athlete in his or her attempt to be the best.

This argument, with all due respect to its proponents, is a lot of hunk. The athlete's pursuit of his or her goal is a romantic endeavor. When we watch an athlete churn through the water and raise his fist in victory we are moved. This person has combined whatever natural talent he was given with a burning drive to be the best. He has devoted himself to his athletic pursuit, no matter what the physical or mental cost. He is a hero and heroes are a part of romance.

When Lennox Lewis won his gold medal, it served no practical purpose. In fact it served no purpose whatsoever. This is because there is no purpose in romance -- just the unfolding of the story with its stirring conclusion.

If romance is the "meaning" of sport, then steroids undermine that meaning. No longer is it the athlete who works the hardest, or 'digs the deepest' or has the greatest gift that wins the gold. It is the athlete with

Innis Teaching Staff News

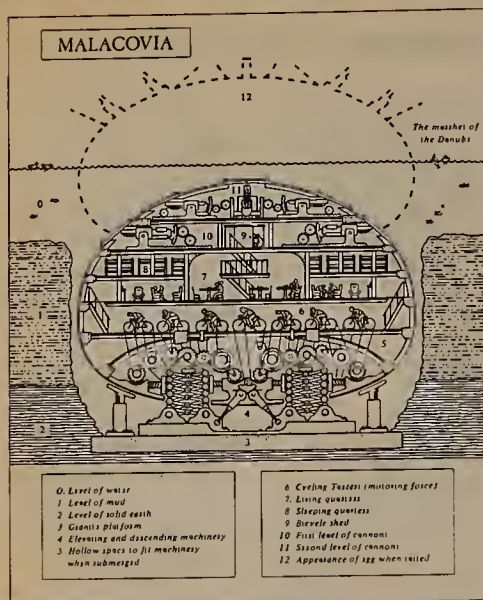
Roger Greenwald has been awarded a Translator's Fellowship for 1988 by the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, D.C.. The fellowship (US \$10,000) is to aid the translation from Swedish of Erland Josephson's novel, *A Story about Mr. Silberstein*. Dr. Greenwald has previously published two volumes of translations from Norwegian (poetry by Rolf Jacobsen and Paal-Helge Haugen) and has edited two all-translation issues of WRIT magazine... Peter Allen is on sabbatical leave for the academic year 1988-89 and is spending the time in research on Victorian literary autobiography, specially that of Anthony Trollope... Bob Gibson, Senior Tutor in the Environmental Studies Programme

and editor of *Alternatives* magazine has just published a special issue of that journal on wilderness conflicts (mail away for your copy today! -- see inside for more details) ... Innis' own Kay Armatage had her marvelous documentary on Joyce Weiland, *Artist on Fire* screened at several international film festivals: Melbourne, Jerusalem, Florence, Creteil, and Washington. She picked up the Golden Gate award for documentary in San Francisco! (She travelled with the film to Florence, Creteil, Washington, and Melbourne). Kay informs us there are "no hirths or weddings" to announce, but that "I purchased a tumble-down shack on a lake very similar to the one in Chaplin's *Gold Rush* -- the one that falls over the cliff. Ours doesn't have a bear in it." Kay's position

was recently converted to tenure-track as Assistant Professor, and she has articles forthcoming in *Canadian Journal of Social & Political Thought*, *Feminist Companion Guide to Women's Cinema* (BFI), *Canadian Feminist Handbook and Descant*... ex-Innis teacher Joe Medjuck is in post-production on *Twins*, starring Danny DeVito and Arnold Schwarzenegger as the twins (a comedy directed by Ivan Reitman)... Patricia Howard has been on sabbatical since January and has accomplished quite a lot of writing "on Samuel Beckett and on entertainments for Queen Elizabeth I." She looks forward to teaching the first undergraduate course given at U of T on the plays of Samuel Beckett starting January 1989. "I've proposed this course many times,

and now they're finally letting me do it!" she adds. Patricia will be delivering a paper on *Entertainments for Queen Elizabeth I: 1590-1602* on September 25, at the Patristic, Medieval & Renaissance Conference at Villanova University (Pennsylvania), and another paper on the same subject for the Renaissance Society of America Conference at Harvard in early April... Pat Petersen is managing the campaign of Alderman Brian Ashton in the fall municipal election. Brian graduated from Innis in 1974. He is running for a seat on Metro Toronto Council from the new Scarborough Bluffs ward. Brian has an impressive political record, having previously served on both the Scarborough and Metro Councils. Pat is also Vice-

Chairman of the (Great Lakes) Shoreline Management Advisory Council. The council was created a year ago by the provincial government to monitor land use and construction along the shorelines of the Great Lakes (all 6000 kms). The council meets with local politicians and conservation authorities, and holds public hearings along the shorelines... Bart Testa is on the Executive Board of the first ever International Experimental Film Congress, which will take place in Toronto, mainly at the Art Gallery of Ontario, but also at Innis College (as a Silver Anniversary event), from May 28-June 4, 1989. Administrative staffer and co-editor of this *Newsletter*, Jim Sheddin, is serving as co-ordinator... Pat McDonnell is happy in her new house.



Vipa Speaks

Vipa (Very Important Person Always) Praso

Hi! to all Innis students especially first year people! This is my first article for *The Herald* and I'm writing because the friendly editor of the monthly newspaper asked me to become involved. I decided to write about my experiences/opinions at/of Innis so far.

Generally speaking, Innis is a friendly, informal gathering place. Many first year students whom I've chatted with feel that the people (staff and students) are helpful and relaxed. Also, from interviews conducted in our university-wide famous PIT, I gathered that students really liked the food in the café, the helpful administration, the friendly student council and the generally inviting atmosphere.

As one female first year student said, "I like the size of the college, it's just perfect for getting to know everybody."

SUBMIT TO SCAT!

Innis College's literary and arts journal invites submissions from alumni and other members of the Innis community. Submissions may be fiction, essays, poetry, photographs, visual art, manifestos, musical scores -- whatever.

The deadline for the 1989 issue is Hallowe'en 1988. Send submissions to: SCAT!, Innis College 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto ON M5S 1J5. A n SASE will guarantee safe return of submission. You may bring your submissions directly to Room 127 and put them in the SCAT! mailbox.

And so...



INNIS FILM SOCIETY FALL/WINTER 88 PROGRAMME



CORNELL JORDAN **sept 22**

Shorts by JOSEPH CORNELL and LARRY JORDAN

THE COMPILATION FILM **sept 28**

The compilation film includes shorts by BRUCE CONNER, ARTHUR LIPSETT, AL RAZUTIS, and DAVID RIMMER **FREE**

DISCUSSION **oct 6**

Special feature on the compilation film. DAVID CLANDFIELD and BART TESTA. Films by BRUCE CONNER and ARTHUR LIPSETT. Special thanks to the NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF CANADA and the U OF T CINEMA STUDIES PROGRAMME **FREE**

THE BOOK OF ALL THE DEAD

Comic by R. BRUCE ELDER. Over three consecutive weeks. October 12 to 20 21 27 28 30. THE ART OF WOOLLY WISDOM, 1957 (Foot & Gold) comic short films. ILLUMINATED TEXTS, SWEET LOVE REMEMBERED. LAMENTATIONS, PT. 1. LAMENTATIONS, PT. 2. CONSOLATIONS, PT. 1. CONSOLATIONS, PT. 2. CONSOLATIONS, PT. 3. (Jackson Theatre. All Gallery at Ontario, 1:00 pm)

NEW CANADIAN FILM:

MICHAEL GINDO: Solstice. Sacred Figures. (Nov 3) THURS NOV 3. RICHARD KERR: The Last Days of Contrition. MacKenzie to Wainwright (135 mm) and short films by ELLIE EPPI. Jackson Theatre. All Gallery at Ontario, 1:00 pm. BARBARA STERNBERG: Tending Toward the Institutional. Over 40. Extractions, and FUMING KIVODOKAI: A Place with Many Rooms. (Nov 10) THURS NOV 10. CHRIS DALL AGHER: Underdog Alliance. Jackson Theatre. All Gallery at Ontario, 1:00 pm. MICHAEL HOODBOOM: From Home. ELDER Consolations (reprint). GINDO Sacred Figures. STERNBERG Tending Toward the Institutional. Jackson Theatre. All Gallery at Ontario, 1:00 pm. Sun NOV 17.

MAYA DEREN **nov 24**

Film by the mounting rigors of the American Avant. Gaudy.

STRAUB-HUILLET/ANGER **dec 1**

STRAUB-HUILLET: Chance of a new and surprising film. KENNETH ANGER: Eau de Cologne. Sponsored by the GOETHE INSTITUTE, TORONTO. **FREE**

innis college **2 SUSSEX AVE.**

One room on the ROBBAR'S LIBRARY, 12 of T.

The IFPS is sponsored by the ASSOCIATION OF PART-TIME UNDERGRADUATE STUDENTS. THE TORONTO ARTS COUNCIL, and private donations.

The Innis Writing Lab

offers Innis students free help with any written work assigned for any course.

(Other students can come to us with work assigned for JGI- or INI- courses.)

For more information drop by Room 314.
For an appointment drop by or phone 978-4871.

Mon., Wed., Fri. 9-5
Tue. 9-1, Thurs. 1-5